

## THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

**Day 27** (*P280*)

**The hour of sorrow sounds when Mary participates in Jesus' Passion; all nature weeps**

"My mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze."

### **The soul to its Sorrowful Mother:**

My dear sorrowful mother, today more than ever, I feel the irresistible desire to be close to you.

I will not move from your side, as I desire to witness your bitter sorrows and ask you, as your child, for the grace of allowing me to experience your sorrows and those of your Son Jesus, as well as his own death.

May his death and your sorrows confer on me the grace to die continuously to my own will and then rise above it to live in the Divine Will.

### **Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:**

Dearest child, offer me your company in my intense sorrow.

The divinity has already decreed the last day of my Son on earth.

One of his Apostles has already betrayed him by giving him into the hands of the Jews who will put him to death.

My dear Son, not wanting to leave his own children for whom He came to earth to search out, and taken in by an excess of love, has left himself in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist so that whosoever should desire him, may possess him.

And so, the life of my Son is about to end;

He is about to make his flight to his heavenly homeland.

O beloved child, the Divine Fiat gave my Son to me and in the Divine Fiat I received him.

Now, in this same Fiat I give him back.

My heart is torn, as immense seas of sorrow inundate me.

In these atrocious heart pangs I feel life leaving me, and yet nothing could I deny the Divine Fiat.

On the contrary, should the Divine Will desire the death of my Son, I would be disposed to offer him up in sacrifice with my own hands.

For the power of the Divine and Omnipotent Fiat is so great that it has infused in me its power, whereby I am willing to die rather than deny the Divine Will anything.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.

My maternal Heart is drowned in sorrows.

The very thought that my Son, my God and my life has to die is to your mother, more sorrowful than death itself.

And yet, I know that I must go on living!

What torment!

What profound lacerations form in my heart, piercing it all the way through like many sharp swords!

Yet, dear child, I grieve in saying this to you, but I must say it.

In these sorrows and profound lacerations of mine, and in the pains of my beloved Son, there was your soul – your human will.

Since you did not allow your will to be dominated by the Will of God, my beloved Son and I covered it with our sorrows, we embalmed it and we fortified it with our pains, so that it would dispose itself to receive the life of the Divine Will.

Oh, if the Divine Fiat had not sustained me and continued its course in me with its infinite seas of light, joy and happiness alongside the seas of my bitter sorrows, I would have died for as many times as there are sorrows endured by my dear Son.

Oh, what a harrowing blow my heart received when Jesus came to me for the last time pale, his face cloaked with the sadness of his impending death and his voice, trembling and as if wanting to burst into sobs, telling me:

**"Mother, I bid you farewell!**

**Bless me, your Son, and in obedience I ask your permission to die.**

**My Divine Fiat and yours made my Incarnation possible, and now with your and my Divine Fiat I will have the permission to die.**

**O dear mother, do not delay; pronounce your Fiat and tell me: 'I bless You, and I grant You my permission to die crucified; whatever the Eternal Will desires, I desire'."**

My child, what a harrowing blow my pierced heart experienced!

And yet, I desired to do as my Son had asked, as we were never forced to endure any sorrows, but all our sorrows were freely embraced.

So we blessed each other and, in an exchange of gazes that render the soul incapable of detaching itself from its beloved, my dear Son, my sweet life, departed, and I, your sorrowful mother, gave my consent.

But the eye of my soul never lost sight of him; I followed him into the garden where he would endure his terrible agony, and, oh, how my heart bled in seeing him abandoned by all, even by his most faithful and dear Apostles!

Beloved child, the abandonment of those whom one considers dear in life is one of the greatest sorrows of the human heart in the stormy hours of life.

This is especially true with my Son who, after having loved these dear children of his and blessed them so much, now finds that they have run away and, worse, they have abandoned him in these extreme hours of life when He is about to give his life for them!

What sorrow, what sorrow!

And I, in seeing him agonize and sweat Blood, agonized together with him and sustained him in my maternal arms.

I was inseparable from my Son.

His sorrows were reproduced in my heart through the coalescing of sorrow and love, and I felt his sorrows more than if they were my own.

Thus I followed him all night.

There was not one pain or accusation he would receive at the hands of others that did not resound in my heart.

And at the break of dawn, unable to endure the physical separation from my Son any longer, I, accompanied by the disciple John, Magdalene and the other pious women, followed him step by step, even physically, from one tribunal to the next.

My dearest child, I heard the storm of the blows they unleashed upon the naked body of my Son;

I heard the mockery, the satanic laughter and the blows they inflicted upon his head when crowning him with thorns.

I saw him when Pilate showed him to the people - disfigured and unrecognizable.

I was deafened by the outcries of "Crucify him, Crucify him!"

I saw him, exhausted and panting, take the Cross up onto his shoulders.

And I, unable to endure our physical separation any longer, hastened my step to give him my last embrace and dry his face that was completely covered with Blood.

But, alas, no clemency was granted us, as the soldiers acted cruelly by pulling him away from me with ropes, thereby forcing him to fall.

Dear child, what a harrowing blow to my heart this was, as I was unable to so much as sustain my dear Jesus in his many overwhelming pains!

Each pain He endured opened up a sea of sorrows in my pierced heart.

I finally followed my Son to Calvary where, among unheard-of pains and horrible contortions, He was crucified and lifted up on the Cross.

Only then, at the foot of the Cross, did He grant me, with his dying lips, the right and the seal of my maternity over all creatures and the gift of all my children.

Shortly thereafter, among unheard-of physical convulsions, He breathed his last.

All nature stood in mourning and wept over the death of its Creator.

The sun wept by becoming obscured and, overwhelmed with grief, withdrew its light from the face of the earth.

The earth wept for the death of its Creator with an intense trembling that split it open in various parts.

All creation wept:

The sepulchres wept by opening up and the dead wept by rising out of them; the veil of the Temple wept with sorrow by tearing itself in two.

All creation, deprived of the cause of its joy, experienced terror and fear.

And I, your mother, my child, remained frozen with sorrow, waiting to receive my Son into my arms so as to enclose him in the sepulchre.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.

In my intense sorrow and united to the pains of my Son, I wish to reveal to you the great evils of your human will.

Gaze upon my Son in my sorrowful arms and see how disfigured He is.

He is the true portrait of what evils the human will inflicts upon unfortunate souls.

My dear Son wanted to endure all these many pains in order to raise up the human will that had fallen into the abyss of all miseries.

Each one of Jesus' pains and each one of my sorrows called out to the human will to rise again in the Divine Will.

Our love was so great that in order to safeguard the human will, we filled it with our sorrows and pains, to the point of immersing it and enclosing it within the immense seas of my sorrows and those of my beloved Son.

Therefore, on this day of sorrows for your sorrowful mother, a day that has been completely acquired for you, I ask you in return to place your will into my hands, so that I may enclose it within the bleeding wounds of Jesus.

This will be for him the most beautiful victory of his Passion and death, and the triumph of my most bitter sorrows.

#### **The soul:**

Sorrowful mother, your words wound my heart.

Upon hearing that it was my rebellious will that made you suffer so much, I feel like dying.

I therefore beg you to enclose my will within the wounds of Jesus so that I may live from his pains and from your bitter sorrows.

#### **Aspiration:**

Today, to honour me, kiss the wounds of Jesus while reciting five prayers of love<sup>121</sup>, and asking me by virtue of my sorrows to seal your will within the opening of his sacred side.

<sup>121</sup>**The original Italian states: “*dicendo cinque atti d’amore*” (“saying five acts of love”).<sup>121</sup>**

#### **Exclamation:**

May the wounds of Jesus and the sorrows of my mother infuse in me the grace of making my will rise again in the Will of God.